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1859

# Come O'er The Moonlit Sea

D.F.E. (Daniel François Esprit) Auber

Charles Jefferys

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

bold - ness, that er - ror is o'er, I've wit - nessed thy cold - ness, and prize thee no more.  
 sor - rowed the heart that was thine, I'll re - turn to thee bor - rowed, the one I thought mine.

*p*

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

Poetry by Charles Jefferys.

Auber.

*Allegretto non Tanto.*

*f*

*Primo.*

1. O, come o'er the moon - lit sea, Where the
2. All is still, save the ech - oed song, Of I -

*8va* *Loco.*

*p*



## COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA, Continued.

waves are bright-ly glow-ing, The winds have sunk to their even-ing rest, And the tide is gent-ly  
tal-ia's dark-eyed daugh-ters, Or the dis-tant sound of the boat-man's oar, As it dips in spark-ling

flow-ing,  
wa-ters, *Secondo.*  
Yes I'll roam o'er the moon-lit sea, For the waves are bright-ly glow-ing, The  
All is still save the ech-oed song Of I-tal-ia's dark-eyed daugh-ters, Or the

Thy bark is in the  
Though bright the morn may  
winds are sunk to their eve-ning rest, And the tide is gent-ly flow-ing, My  
dis-tant sound of the boat-man's oar, As it dips in spark-ling wa-ters, Though



COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA, Continued.

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bay, love, It on - ly waits for me, It's sails will throw Their  
 beam, love, A - long the smil - ing sea, O, dear - er still Are

bark is in the bay, love, It's silk - en sails will throw, love, Their  
 bright the morn may beam, love, O, dear - er far than morn, love, Are

shad - ows o'er the sea..... I'll come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright - ly  
 moon - lit waves to me.....

shad - ows o'er the sea,..... O, come o'er the moon-lit sea, The waves are bright - ly  
 moon - lit waves to me.....

glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gently

glow - ing, The winds have sunk to their even - ing rest, The tide is gent - ly flow - ing, The tide is gently



## COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA, Concluded.

flowing, is gent - ly flowing, The tide is gently flow - ing, is gent - ly flowing.

flowing, is gent - ly flowing, The tide is gently flow - ing, is gent - ly flowing.

*Adagio.* *A Tempo.* *Ad lib.*

## O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Poetry by Robert Burns.

Mendelssohn.

*Soprano 1o.*

1. O wert thou in the  
2. Or were I in the

*Soprano 2o.*

1. O wert thou in the

*Andante.*  
*p*

cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the an - gry airt . . . I'd  
wildest waste, Sae black and bare, Sae black and bare, The des - ert were a par - a - dise, . . . . . If

cauld blast, On yonder lea, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the an - gry airt . . . I'd